## UNITED LABOR'S NOMINEES.

THE MEN WHO LEAD HENRY GEORGE'S FORCES IN THE LOCAL FIGHT.

Young Lawyers Who by Hard Work Have Become Candidates for Judicial Offices-Some Adventurous Careers—War Veterans on the Ticket-Workingmen Not Heretofore Prominent in Politics Now Running.



EVERY voter naturally wishes to know all about the candidates who solicit his ballot at the election next November. THE EVEN-ING WORLD therefore publishes to-day pen sketches of the county and city nominees on the United Labor party ticket. Several of the gentlemen have very interesting histories, and the accounts of

them given below will aid the intelligent voter greatly in his search for information concerning candidates. Leaders of the United Labor party are proud

of their ticket and declare the list of candidates to be as good as was ever placed in the field in this city.

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Abner C. Thomas, candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, is well known among his fellow-lawyers as the author of a work on the mortgage laws of this State. He was born in Brooklyn on Jan. 3, 1844, and is a son of the late Rev. Abell C. Thomas, pastor of the First Universalist Church of that city. Mr. Thomas was educated in the public schools of Phildelphia, and obtained a degree as civil engineer in the Pennsyl. ABNER C. THOMAS.

a degree as civil engi-neer in the Pennsyl. ABNEE C. THOMAS. vania Polytechnic School. In 1882 he joined a surveying party and aided in laying out the line of the Philadelphia and Eric Railroad. line of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad. He next surveyed a route for a railway from Hagerstown to Cumberland, Md. Tiring of engineering, Mr. Thomas turned to the law, and began his studies in this city. For a time he was in the office of Benedict & Boardman, and he was admitted to the Bar in 1866. In 1867 he and Congressman Stewart and Park Commissioner Lane formed the law firm of Stewart, Lane & Thomas, which continued three years, after which Mr. Thomas opened an office on his own account at No. 10 Wall street. Mr. Thomas made a specialty of mortgage and land-title suits. He never took any active part in politics until last fall, when he joined the George movement. Until the nomination of Mr. Blaine he was a Republican, but after that event he joined the Democracy.

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John Vincent, the other candidate for Supreme Court Judge, was born in the First Ward, and is of Irish parentage. When a boy he entered the office of the late District-Attorney, John McKeon, one of the best lawyers in the city, and from messenger Mr. Vincent arose to the position of assistant. Recorder Smyth was also in the same office. Mr. Vincent has made rapid strides in his profession and is known as a sound lawyer. Last fall he voted for Henry George, and is known to be in strong sympathy with the labor movement and willing to aid to bring about any reforms that may tend to benefit workingmen.

George W. Dease, nominee for City Court Judge, is a proctor in admiralty, and is considered a bright light in the legal profession, as well as a political greeker of shility. He

as well as a political speaker of ability. He was born on April 10, 1853, at Galena, Ill., the home of Gen. Grant, just previous to the war. Mr. Dease's father, John W. Dease, was of Irish birth, and national cause during

the Fenian excitement, Young Dease om the old Thirwas graduated from the old Thirteenth street public school.

He studied law in the National University at Washington, while employed in the Post-Office Department, and after graduation was admitted to the Bar of the Capital in 1878. Postmaster-General Key selected him as his short hand amanuensis, and he travelled all through the South with that official. During the Greenback Patriv's existence Mr. Desse edited the Greenback National at Louisville, Ky. He next returned to this city, and was for three years chief of the rate, claim and voncher department of the West Shore Railroad Company. Four years ago he began the practice of the state of the West Shore Railroad Company. Four years ago he began the practice of the state of the West Shore Railroad Company. Four years ago he began the practice of the state of the West Shore Railroad Company. Four years ago he began the practice of the state of the West Shore Railroad Company. Four years ago he began the practice of the Ku-Klux in the South for the Government, and Iwas subsequently appointed United States Assistant District - Attorney in this city. He edited Truth until 1889, when Louis F. Post.

nomination for the Mayoralty, and took an active part in the campaign of last fall. As a delegate from the Seventh District to the Syracuse Convention he created a sensation by his strong opposition to the Socialist del-

egates.
Mr. Dease's successful efforts in behalf of the licensed officers of steam vessels as against the local Inspectors of Steam Boilers against the local Inspectors of Steam Boilers gave him great prestige among the river men. For several years he has been associated with Lawyers Adolph Cohen, Edmund Bittiner and Isadore Osorio. He is a member of the State Bar Association and also of the National Hoard of Steam Navigation.

Morris W. Hart, also candidate for City Court Judge, was born in this city on July 4.

1855, his father being

the first Superintend-ent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum and one of the best Hebrew 7 one of the best Hebrew scholars in the city. After a public-school education Mr. Hart be came managing clerk for ex-Judge Dittenhofer, and, though too poor to study in college, he saved sufficient money to buy law books and 6

saved sufficient money to buy law books and money to buy law books and knowledge of the law. His name came prominently before the public a few years ago owing to his vigorous effort to protect striking 'longshoremen. Mr. Hart was chairman of the monster George demonstration in Union Square last fall. He considers that lawyers are workingmen, but, as a rule, are controlled too much by corporations. Mr. Hart has been successful in his practice, one of his latest cases being that of Mary Holstein, who sued her employer for damages caused by the falling of a window. In this case Judge Naeher gave judgment for the plaintiff.

Frederick C. Leubuscher, who is rnnning for the position of Additional Criminal Court Judge, is a native of this city and is thirty years old. He is a graduate of the College of the City of New York and the Columbia College Law School. He drafted the platform of the United Labor party last fall and was an ardent supporter of Henry George in the Twenty-third District. He was recently instrumental in deafting. Frederick C. Leubuscher, who is rnnning

He was recently in-strumental in drafting FRED C. LEUBUSCHER. the bill providing for a fifth Election Inspec-tor to represent the United Labor party and has done good service on the Law Committee

of the party.
Gideon J. Tucker, who is on the ticket for Surrogate, was born in this city in 1826, of Dutch and English stock. In 1844 he was

Surrogate, was born in this city in 1826, of Dutch and English stock. In 1844 he was a reporter on the Herald, and in 1846 reported the debates in the State Constitutional Convention for the Albany Argus. He was admitted to the Bar in 1847. His first appearance as a candidate was in 1851, when he was defeated for the Legislature. Along in 1853 he was editor the Legislature. Along in 1853 he was elected Secretary of State, running ahead of his ticket. In 1858 he was a Regent of the University of the State. He figured prominently in efforts for the improvement of the Eric Canal, and was also active in his opposition to convict labor.

Judge Tucker is not new in the adjudication of probate cases, for he was appointed Surrogate in 1862 to fill a vacancy, and was elected for a full term the following year. While in the Assembly in 1866 he drafted the first eight-hour bill, which was defeated, and reported the act exempting the tools of mechanics from sale or execution, which was passed. He successfully opposed the appointive system in judiciary offices. He was also successful in organizing the Irving Hall wing of the Democracy, which succeeded in 1875 in electing its city ticket. Failing health, in 1878, caused Judge Tucker to remove to Arizona, where he remained until 1883. Since that year he has been in charge of the Health Board's statistical department.

Last fall Judge Tucker joined the United Labor party, and, as a member of its Executive Committee, took an active part in the George canvass.

Louis E. Post, of the Nineteenth District, candidate for District. Attorney, was born in

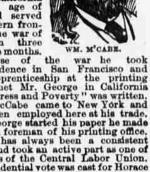
pany. Four years ago he began the practice of the law in the Admiralty Courts. During the Blaine campaign Mr. Dease was Vice-President of the Irish-American Independents. He signed the call for Henry George's Post resigned. Mr. Post was a candidate for

Congress and afterwards for Attorney-General on the Greenback ticket, He was one of the first converts to Henry George's doctrines Messra, Salthon & Fromme in the practice of law, his offices being at No. 31 Park row.

Of all the candidates there is none who has so eventful a history at Patrick Doody, the nominas for comptroller. He was born in this city at the age of six years, in August, 1969, he caught the war fever and enlisted in Company E. 164th New York Volunteers, of the famous Irish Legion of Hancock's corps, Col. James C. Black Mr. Vork Volunteers, of the famous Irish Legion of Hancock's corps, Col. James C. Black Mr. Doody took part in the engragements at Zunie, the Deserted House, Suffolk, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, all the bloody battless before Petersburg. Fire Oppos, Boll During all the struggle Mr. Doody was First Sergeant of his company. After the battle of Ream's Station the regiment was so terribly decimated that only severene men were left to do duty out of 800 or more, and these Sergeant of his company. After the battle of Ream's Station the regiment was so terribly decimated that only severene men were left to do duty out of 800 or more, and these Sergeant of his company. After the battle of Ream's Station the regiment was so terribly decimated that only severed out of the service and he afterwards active and the Greenback Labor party, and a received a medal and diplome. For six years Mr. Doody was the trusted agent of P. H. Frost, a retired morchant, and during that time he collected glower of the service and he afterwards acted independently in politics. He was one of six men who formed the first local assembly of the Knights of Labor party, and an one of the Greenback Labor party, and the company of the Knights of Labor party, and an one of the Execution of the Security of the Knights of Labor party, and an analysis of the Execution of the Security of the Michael Corporation of the Security of the Corporation of the Security of the Security of the Michael Corporation of the

Mayer's parents came to this country when he was 13 years old, and made their home in this city. He served in the United States in the United States
Army and participated
in the Indian wars in
the far West. For
years he has been
identified with organ.
ized labor in this city,
and has held positions
of trust in the United
Clothing Cutters' Union, to which trade he
belongs. Last fall he was very active in
securing the nomination of Henry
George for the Mayoralty and has

belongs. Last fall he was very active in securing the nomination of Henry George for the Mayoralty and has since taken a prominent part in the United Labor party. He is intensely American in his sentiments and has opposed the Socialists in their stronghold in the Tenth District, where he lives with his wife and five children. Mr. Mayer has lately been attending, as a delegate from District Assembly No. 49, the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor at Minneapolis.



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William McCabe, the nominee for President of the Board of Aldermen, is a native of New Zealand, and was born on March 17, 1847. His father was a colonel in the British army and came to the United States thirty eight years ago, settling in San Francisco. The son entered the Federal army in California at the early age of fourteen, and served on the Western frontier during the war of the rebellion three years and nine months.

At the close of the war he took up his residence in San Francisco and served an apprenticeship at the printing trade. He met Mr. George in California before "Progress and Poverty" was written. In 1880 Mr. McCabe came to New York and has since been employed here at his trade. When Mr. George started his paper he made his old friend foreman of his printing office. Mr. McCabe has always been a consistent union man, and took an active part as one of the organizers of the Central Labor Union. His first Presidential vote was cast for Horace Greely; his second for Peter Cooper, in 1876, and his third for Benjamin F. Butler, in 1884. Mr. McCabe's eyes, hair and beard are black, and his carriage bold and erect. His sentiments are purely American, his language vigorous and he is known as a good parliamentarian. Like the other labor candidates, he is not possessed of any surplus of this world's goods. He lives in the Fourteenth Assembly District.



yourself," "Well, I mean it," was the reply. "Don't you remember how Barry insisted on throwing when he was trying for the record a week or so ago right into the fence

The talk of forming a new trotting association is of a most cloudy character. The trouble with trotting in this city is it's old-fashioned and slow. Who is going to stay up at Fleetwood all the afternoon to see a few third-raters meander through a half-score of heats and invest money by slow pools when right up at Jerome or down at Sheepshead or Monmouth big fields of fleet runners, the cracks of the country, are making the dollars fly. One great drawback to the success of trotting in this city is that a lot of the Driving Club's members are interested only in roadsters, don't care much for any sort of race meetings, and run them when compelled by the clamor of the other members to do it at all simply as a pastime, not as a business. It is possible some live business man might make a success of a trotting meeting in this city, but the chances are the American sport of trotting races must give way to the older one—running. one—running.

The heat race at Clifton yesterday brought out a wonderful exhibition of gameness by Adolph. He went so lame in the second heat his jockey was given the usual permission to dismount without an attempt at riding back to the judges' stand. Twenty minutes' doctoring brought the horse around so that he won the third heat from Battledore, but he must have suffered terribly.

There will be no billiard tournament in New York this fall all the experts agree, and unless the Westerners get tired of Schaefer's and Slosson's piggishness, as Sexton says they will soon, there is a poor prospect for caroms in the spring. "What billiards need," said Maurice Daly yesterday, "is a record-breaking wonder such as Ed Mc-Laughlin once gave promise of being. We want a John L. Sullivan of billiards; then there would be no end of excitement."

RIPPLES FROM THE HARLEM.

Ed. Weinacht, Eltz's partner, is a young giant. He is a Spartan Harrier of high de-gree and can run like a locomotive. He al-ways rows bareheaded and wears a smile. Prof. Fanciulli is the handsomest man in the Nonpareil Club. By his flowing, black beard, almost leonine in its unbarbered pro-fusion, he can be recognized a good mile away. He is a wonderfully strong sculler.

George J. Eltz, "Handsome George," strokes the Union four cared shells, senior champions of the river. When it's too cold to row George tumbles and throws summer-saults in Wood's gymnasium in a charmingly graceful way, He's strong as a Percheron yearling, and very fond of speculating in

Cool-headed Ed. Knickerbocker, the Cool-headed Ed. Brickerbocker, the Dauntless bow-man, has lately fallen victim to an overwhelming misfortune. Some enemy lately sold him a hideous pale-gray, long-brimmed rowing-hat that drags under the rollers of his sliding seat, and occasionally dumps him overboard. He is hopelessly addicted to the hat, though, and can't be made to quit it. BUILT BY YANKER CRAFTSMEN.

A Fine Ship of the Old Style New In a Brooklyn Dock.

"Arrived-Ship Daniel I. Tenney, from Manilla, Capt. Wilson." In this fashion the ship news of the daily papers disposed of s beautiful model of the Yankee shipbuilder's art, the arrival of which in the good old days before steam succeeded sail whould have been an event of unusual importance.

The ship is lying at Martin's Stores, Brook lyn, and is admired by hundreds of passengers on the Hamilton Ferry for her lofty spars and general ship-shape appearance. Her lines are not quite as fine as those of the old-time clippers, but she is a monument of strength. When an Evenino World reporter visited her she was as neat in appearance as if she was about to sail instead of just having finished a voyage of 172 days. The Tenney hails from Newburyport, Mass. She is registered at 600 tons, but could easily stow away a thousand tons more than that. She has a flush deck and when one stands at the tafficial and looks towards the bows, she has more the appearance of a man-of-war than a sailing ship. The standing rigging is usually heavy. The butt of the mainmast is more than three feet in diameter. It is easy to see that she is a Yankee ship from her general air of tidiness. No yacht in New York Bay has a cleaner deck. Every rope is neatly coiled on the belaying pins, and there is not a spot of dirt from her stern to her wheel.

The mainmast from deck to main-top is about forty feet, and the maintopmast and main royal-topmast reach about lifty feet above that. The mainyard is a massive stick, fifty feet or so long.

The galley and carpenter's house are just abart the foremast, and the sailors' kitchen is as clean as a New England housewife's. The companionway is abaft the mizzenmast and is covered by a deck-hous, half of which is used as a temporary shelter for the captain in time of storm, being fitted up with a bunk. It is so near the wheel that the steersman can call the captain without leaving his post. The cabin is reached by a broad staircase of hard wood and is finished in fine polished mshogany. On the starboard side are doors leading to the staterooms of the mates, which are quite large and comfortable. On the port side are the pantry and steward's quarters. The captain's cabin is right in the stern of the ship, and it is a model of comfort and elegance. Capt. Wilson's wife and young son accompany him on his voyages.

The steward is a young Chinama lyn, and is admired by hundreds of passengers on the Hamilton Ferry for her lofty

WORN AT A MATINEE.

A very quiet and unpretentions walking costume of light brown camel's-hair cloth was worn by a lady who took a back seat. Cloth trimmings in neat, regular folds and linen collars and cuffs were very becoming to the wearer. A lady with light hair who sat in the centre

of one of the front rows wore an absolutely plain black silk dress, with a glittering fichu collarette of jet. Her gloves were of the brightest primrose tint, and in her bonnet were yellow feathers and ribbons.

A portly lady, who was fortunate enough to have an empty seat on either side where she could place her wraps, wore an electric blue cashmere, with a blue braided vest and skirt panel. In her bonnet were electric blue and old-gold feathers, with bows of ribbon of the same colors.

Several very young girls wore dark-red felt hats and jackets of fancy striped cloth, with beads. They had evidently been shopping and had not "dressed" for the theatre. A great many ladies are partial to matinees, for the simple reason that they are not called upon to make elaborate toilets.

A comely little woman, who sat in one of the front seats at the Bijou Opera House matinée yesterday afternoon, wore a tightly-fitting ulster of soft French gray cloth, with a long hood lined with satin of the same tint. She did not divest herself of this garment, and, with her pretty coresage bouquet of pink roses, every matinée requirement was fulfilled.

Prof. Gray's Dreedful Blunder. [From the Burlington Pres Press.]
Miss De Smith (who wants the sugar)—Prof.

Gray, will you please pass me some article on the table which typifes my character?
Prof. Gray, abstractedly, continuing his conversation with Mmc. T——, passes the vinegar. Depended on Circumstances.

[From the Burlington Free Press.] Chance Acquaintance—What are your politics, Seedy Man (with a wistful look about the mouth)

—When I'm talking with a Democrat, sir, I'm a Labor party man, and when I meet a Republican I'm a Prohibitionist. Why She Did It. [From the Bufalo Express.]
A New Hampshire woman has been arrested for smothering her babe. Doubtless she thought she had a right to be its smother.

Lutost English. The above is the name of one of the most excellent of the high-grade brands of cigarettes made by us. New and arter fine. KINEN TORAGOO Co., sole manufac-turers, New York.

from Arthur! I wonder what he has to say

VEGETABLE SOUP FOR DIXEY.

The Way He Ate it Was the Fuuniest Thing a Boston Man Ever Saw.

Dixey was talking to a group of friends the other night. The graceful comedian was in his most anecdotal, genial mood. He told

Dixey was talking to a group of friends the other night. The graceful comedian was in his most anecdotal, genial mood. He told one story which caused a perfect shout of laughter to reach the ears of various staid and uninterested citizens.

"When I was playing variety business in Boston, long ago," said Dixey, as though he were a centenarian. "I took my meals very irregularly, and was not by any means particular what kind of a restaurant I favored by my patronage.

"On one occasion I was due at the theatre before 8 o'clock, and found myself monstrously hungry with only about six minutes at my disposal for gastronomic purposes. I caught sight of a dimunitive eating house—you would probably call it a dive—and hurrying into it, asked what they had.

"The soup seemed the least objectionable article on the bill of fare, and calling the dingy garçon, I entreated him with frenzied fervor to bring me a vegetable soup as soon as possible. He appeared with a muddy compound in due course, and leaning forward in the most plebeian fashion, I was soon engaged in ladding it in—that is the only expression I can use which will describe my method of disposing of the soup.

"I had esten about half and was still hard at work when I felt a clammy hand suddenly strike my neck, and in a second I was sputtering in the soup. Oh; the ineffshele horror of carrots, the consummate disgust of cabbage, and the fearful loathing for barley that came upon my soul, as I lifted my bevegetabled face from the dish, and saw a great loutish man looking at me solemnly!

"Beg pardon, he said, 'but can't you eat? My! I never saw anything like it. The funniest thing I've come across in a long while."

"The nerve of the man amused me, and as I attempted to remove the soup from my visage I felt amused.

"Gosh,' he said,' but can't you eat? My! I never saw anything like it. The funniest thing I've come across in a long while."

"The glad I afford you amusement,' I said, trying to floor him with my plethoric dignity, as I rose and attempted to leave the plac

Selling Plants From City Hall Park. The last rose of summer went the way of all dowers some time ago. The geraniums have tarried awhile longer, but they too are going now. The beds of these beautiful plants, with their pink and scariet flowers, have remained up to this time to catch the eye as bright particular spots in the city parks, but now they are vanishing one by one. Those in Madison and Union squares disappeared several days ago and the accustomed eye searches for them in vain. Yesterday workmen were busy rooting up the plants from the beds in the City Hall Park. A crowd surrounded each detachment of workmen and men, women and children jostled each other in their eagerneas to get some of the plants which were given away in bunches of three or four. The plants were fine, invariant specimens, and many of them had glowing tuffix of blossoms at the head, just such specimens as make ornamental house plants for the winter. Assistant DistrictAttorney De Lancey Nicoll, who has a fondness for flowers, saw the plants being given away, and he sent an office boy out for a bunch. Many newsboys also secured bunches in the early afternoon, and might have been seen on Park row a few minutes later peddling the plants to pedestrians at five cents apiece.

Dainties of the Market. lowers some time ago. The geraniums have tar-

Dainties of the Market Prime rib roast, 18c.
25c.
Siriotn steak, 18c.
Leg mutton, 18c. to 14c.
Leg weston, 18c.
Leg veal, 26c.
Veal cutlets, 28c.
Sweetbreads, 40c. pair.
Calves' heads, 78c.
Roasting pig, 82.50 to 83.50
Example shicken, 20c. ib.
Roast chicken, 18c. ib.
Dry-picked turkeys, 18c. to Green jurile soup, 81 gast.
Dry-picked turkeys, 18c. to Green jurile soup, 81 gast. each.
Spring chicken, 20c. b.
Rosst chicken, 18c. b.
Dry-picked turkeys, 18c. to
20c. Torraphi, \$12 to \$16 a do: Green turtle soup, \$1 quar Frogs' lag, \$50c, b. Terrapin stew, \$4 quart. Shrimps, \$0c, quart. Scaliops, \$0c, quart. Scaliops, \$0c, quart. Scaliops, \$0c, duart. Scaliops, \$0c, duart. Calery, 16c, bulbo, Peas, 35c, half pock, Green corp., \$2c, dus. Squashes, 10c, to 15c, Pumpkins, 20c, Mushrooms, 25c, quart. Outoms, 25c, quart. Outoms, 25c, quart. Canificwers, 15c, to 25c, Lettuce, \$c, head. Cranberries, 15c, quart. Horsersdish, 10c, root. Spanish onions, 4 for 25c, Stemast postatoss. 30c, ha Choice dry-picked spring, 20c. to 22c. Squabs, \$3.60 dozen. 20c. to ran.
Squabe, \$3.00 dozen.
Geese, 20c.
Ducks, 18c., \$4 pair.
Grouse, \$1.50 pair.
Partridge, \$1.30 pair.
Red birds, \$1.25 pair.
Red birds, \$1.25 pair.
Teal, \$1 pair.
Yenigon, 26c. to 30c.
Woodoock, \$1.20 pair.
White bait, 40c.
Sea base, 19c. to 15c.
Pompano, 40c.
Lobsters, 19c.

peck, peck, Lima beans, 30c, quart,

Why Everybody Likes Riker's
FAMILY MEDICINES AND TOILET REQUISITES.
Because:
1st.—They do exactly what is expected of them in at least 95 cases out of 100.
2d.—They are always reasonable in price, being sold at about one-half the prices charged for the patent nostrouss. Ac. least 95 cases out of 100.

2d.—They are always reasonable in price, being sold at about one half the prices charged for the patent nostrums, \$6.

3d.—Should they in any case fail to do all that is expected of them you need only say. "This has not proved attafactory," and your money will be obserfully restatisfactory," and your money will be obserfully restatisfactory,"

turned. Their preparations, without exception, are the most reliable, reasonable, satisfactory and best value of manufacturer in the U. S. Send for their Illustrated catalogue of family medicines and toilst requisites, which is mailed free on request.

Their goods are now for sale almost everywhere or may be obtained direct from RIEER & SON. Druggists and Mfg. Chemista, 863 6th ave., N. Y. Established 42 years.

TUESDAY, OCT. 25, AT 8 P. M. Tickets, with Reserved Sents, 75c., \$1 and \$1.50. Now on sale at Chickering Hall.

DOCKSTADER'S. "SHARRY MULTITUDES. WHICH CLEVEL AND S WEATERN THE COUNTY OF THE COUNTY

H.R.JACOBS'S SD AVE. THEATRE. Prices, 10c.; Res.Seats.20c. & 30c.

MATINEES MON., WED. AND SAT.

THE WILBUR OPERA CO.

Repertoire—Mon. and Tues.—'' Merry War." Wed. and
Thurs.—'' Grand Duchess." Fri. and Sat.—'' GiroffaGiroffa." Oct. 24—Edwin Arden's "Engle Nest." Union square theater.

"THE HENRIETTA IS BOOMING."

14 TH STREET THEATRE. Oor, on or on ore, that were had a street the street the street that the sugarment. LAST WEEK OF. AINNIE PALMER.

THE BOY delightful double bill.

THE BING AND THE REPER

MY SUPETHEART.

Oct. 24.—GEO. S. KNIGHT, in RUDOLPH, Baron won Hollenstein.

T. W. RÖBERTSON.

CHICKERING HALL.
THIS (FRIDAY) EVENING, Oct. 21, at 8.
MR. RÜBERT GÖLÜBECK, Planist.
SATURDAY MATINER, Oct. 22, at 2.
MR. RIBERT GÖLÜBECK, Planist.
Admission, \$1.

All seats, \$1.50.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
CLARA MORRIS.
To-night, REN'EE, to-morrow (mat. & evening) ALIXE.
Sext Week-Thatcher, Primpose and West.
Nest Sender Prof. (Cromsell will libetrate
"BERLIN, HOME OF THE KAISER WILLIAM."

CADENT OF MUSIC. 1sth st. and Irving place
ACADENT OF MUSIC. 1sth st. and Irving place
OFH WEEK. Evenings at 8. Mat. Sat. at 2
Elaborate production of the latest London Melodrams.

ADARK

Reserved seate, 90c., 70c., \$1. Family circle, 25c.

PUNNELL'S OLD LONDON MUSEUM.
Broadway.—Continuous entertainment from moon until 10 P. M. Performances by 20 artists.

MIDGETS, GIANTS, WONDERS.
Admission, 20 cents. Unidren, 10 cents.

TH AVE. THEATRE. LAST 2 WEEKS,

TH AVE. THEATRE. LAST 2 WEEKS,

Brenings at 6. Saturday Matinee at 2.

MR. LANG TRY MORE and has

coun companied by MAURICE BARRYMORE and has

coun company to her grand production,

AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS. LAST 2 WEREA

CTAR THEATRY

STAR THEATRE,
Monday, Nov. 7
MR. HENRY INVINC.
MISS ELLEN THRY
and the LYCEUM COMPANY in

POOLE'S THEATRE, 8th st., near 6th ave.
Admission—19c., 20c.
The Madison Square HAZEL KIRE,
Matiness—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday,
Next week—TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM.

Y COULD THE TERM

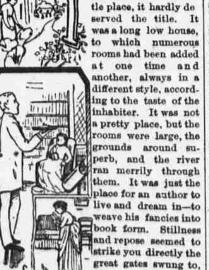
threw them into the basket at his side; then he closed the deak, unlocked the door and went back to the breakfast-room with Honor's

by storm.
| Chattourd in Schordar's Evenue World.]

## HIS SECRET.

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS [Continued from Thursday's Evening World.]

HOUGH Max Selwyn
called the Hollies a littile place, it hardly de
served the title. It
was a long low house,
to which numerous
rooms had been added
at one time and



at one time and another, always in a different style, according to the taste of the inhabiter. It was not a pretty place, but the frooms were large, the grounds around superb, and the river ran merrily through them. It was just the place for an author to live and dream in-to

great gates swung to. with and you walked up the broad drive between the chestnuts, firs and dark-colored beeches, Overhead the birds twittered softly. On the dew-damp grass, two huge mastiffs, a pointer and a tiny terrier, lay fast asleep,

pointer and a tiny terrier, lay fast asleep, blinking their eyes now and then, and pricking up their ears even in their sleep, when the rooks in the poplars started their morning hymn of discord and praise.

Suddenly, the four dogs raised their heads; then leaping to their feet, bounded off towards the house, barking joyously, and expressing delight in every way in their power. A Goor of the house had opened, and a woman came out—a woman in age, but a child in growth; an undersized, misgrown, hunch-backed piece of lumanity, with a face upon which intellect only had set its stamp, and with which beauty had scorned to become acquainted.

acquainted.

"Good dogs," she said, speaking in a voice which was wonderfully soft and beautiful, and which seemed almost out of place coming from her lips—"good boys."

She put out her hand, and patted their

heads, stooping down to the tiny terrier;

heads, stooping down to the tiny terrier; then took some sweet biscuits from her pocket, and fed them.

Looking at her, one could not help notic-ing the unusual width of the high, white forehead, the fulness of the brow, the deep-set eyes, green as the eyes of genius are said to be. The lower part of the face was weak as the other was strong, the month drooped set eyes, green as the eyes of genius are said to be. The lower part of the face was weak as the other was strong; the mouth drooped at the corners, and the chin receded until it was almost lost in the fulness of the neck.

Such was Kate Nolan, cousin of Miss Selwyn. As a baby she had been beautiful and straight as any mother could wish; but a careless nurse had let her fall, the little spine had been injured, and year by year the back had grown worse and worse. When child-hood lapsed into girlhood it found her a hunchback; no skill could cure her. Strong, with the strength which is often given to the afflicted, she must live her life through an object of pity to her fellow women and men, if not worse. Never was she heard to complain, never was she anything but cheerful and bright when others were by; but when alone in her chamber—oh, the bitter, useless tears flowed then!

"All at once the dogs forsock her, scampering towards the house and returning with Max, lavishing upon him all the caresses and love they had lately given to the woman.

"Up first, as usual, Kate;" he said, laying one hand lightly upon her shoulder; "what a good child you are!"

"The weak mouth trembled for a moment, and a dark, unbecoming flush swept the pale face.

"I wanted to get that finished," she an-

and a dark, unbecoming flush swept the pale face.

"I wanted to get that finished," she answered; "it is done now, ready for the publishers. I hope you will be pleased."

"I am sure to be," he returned. "It's the last two chapters, isn't it? I'll just run through them after breakfast. Oh! and Kate, by the way, Lady Polan was talking about my books last night; she remarked what others have remarked before, that my women characters are real, my men, ideal. We must try to alter that."

A faint smile crossed her lips in answer to his meaning look, and she said, decisively:
"It shall be altered."

"They are coming this afternoon."

"So Honor has told me," she answered, a little wearily. "I had hoped that we should have a little quiet; it is painful to me to meet strangers."
"I know, Fate," he returned, in a tone of

"I know, J ate," he returned, in a tone of apology; "but really, I could hardly do otherwise than ask them, after their kindness. It was the Countess herself who suggested that they should come to-day. I am sure you will like them; do not be cross with me, Kate."

She looked at him for a moment with her strange, clever eyes, then turned her head and just touched the hand that rested upon

her shoulder with her lips; he stooped and brokes great red rose from off its mother tree and handed it to her; her fingers shook as all took it, and he laughed a low, musical

as six took it, and he laughed a low, musical laugh.

"Billy little Kate!" he said, speaking to the woman of forty as though she were a child; "Cousin Max isn't worth all your love. Now we must find a flower for Honor, or she will be jealous. Oh, dear me, what a dreadful thing it is to be a man!"

He laughed like a boy as he wandered from bush to bush, looking for a perfect flower for his daughter; it must not be plucked carelessly, as he plucked the one for Kate. Everywhere he went the dogs followed him, till the sound of a sweet voice singing sent them off to the house once more, and they came racing back at break-neck speed with Honor in their midst.

"Good morning, papa—naughty papa," she said, flinging her arms round his neck." Do you know, sir, I am going to give you

"Good morning, paps—naughty paps," she said, finging her arms round his neck. "Do you know, sir, I am going to give you such a scolding this morning that you will wish yourself under the bedclothes again."

"What have I done now, Beauty?" he asked, trying the effect of the rose in her hair, at her breast and finally pinning it close up to her pretty chin. "What have you done?" she repeated. "Look at dear little Cousin Kate and you will find your answer. Does she look as though she had had a proper night's rest, or do her dear eyes look tired as though an inhuman monster, who shall be nameless in consideration of the feelings of one of us here present, had given her a lot of copying to do, which made her get up at four this morning and slave away till now"—

"My dear Honor"—

"Cousin Kate, do not interrupt me; you side with papa, of course, I always have to fight the two, but I will not have you killed. I am angry with you both; cannot the publishers wait, cannot the British public wait? Are we to be robbed of our most precious possession just because people are in a hurry for your new book? Let them wait. A nice thing it would be for you, paps, if cousin drooped and died from overwork. What would you do then, sir?"

"Who would you get to do your copying then?"

"Who would you get to do your copying then?"

then?"

"I should not require any done."

He looked at Kate closely and she averted her face, over which the sensitive color had stolen, shrinking from his gaze and the girl's as she bent to gather a flower.

"You would do it yourself, would you?" Honor went on persistently, with a sancy smile. "I think I see you! Not you, sir; you would expect me to; and not one line, not one single word would I write. If you kill Cousin Kate you shall never have an opportunity of killing me. I'll make a stand when you come with the first little insinu-

ation that I shall help you. I'll say 'No, sir,

ation that I shall help you. I'll say 'No, sir, not one letter, not one single semicolon, not one comma!"

"Cruel, inhuman child!"

"No, papa, self-preservation is the first law of nature. I do not know what the second and third ones are, but I thoroughly believe in the first. Now promise me, on your honor," she broke into a little laugh, "that you will give Cousin Kate a rest."

"Until the proofs are sent, I promise."

"And can you not even do them alone? Well, I would be ashamed. When I am an author, I shall do all my own work—every bit. Now you may kiss me, sir, and come into breakfast. Cousin Kate, I have yet to lecture you."

"She lifted her father's arm, put it 'round her shoulders and held it there, then stretched out her other hand to her cousin.

"Come along, you poor little tired dear." she said, "you must want your breakfast. Shall I give papa a flower, or shall I punish him some more?"

"Give him a flower."

him some more?"
"Give him a flower."

"Ah, cousin, you spoil him! It is well that he has a daughter to counteract your inthat he has a daughter to counteract your influence."

She plucked a tiny rose, and pinned it into his coat; then, with the dogs following them, they entered the house.

Breakfast was laid. Honor touched a small silver bell and the servants entered with the dishes.

silver bell and the servants entered with the dishes.

Looking round the room, the first thing which struck one was the air of extreme luxury. The high-backed oak chairs were covered with the richest silver plush; the silver was massive and beautiful; the linen fit for a queen's table. Upon the walls hung rare old prints, and here and there, upon brackets, precious old china. A Turkish carpet covered the centre of the polished floor, upon which the dogs basked contentedly in the sunbeams which came in from the windows. "Have the letters come, Josephs?" Honor asked of a servant.

asked of a servant. No, miss."
Nor the papers?"

"No, miss,"
"Then I think for the future some one had
"Then I there from the station." better fetch them from the station.

better fetch them from the station."

"Yes, miss."

"That is one of the disadvantages of living in the country." Max said. "You are left to the tender mercies of the village postman, who is generally lame, or extremely old. I cannot enjoy my breakfast without my papers."

"Here they are, papa!" Honor cried—"And the papers. Now we shall learn news of our friends, and how our stocks stand. I wonder which will interest us most? Bring them here, Miles. Thank you. Times, Standard and Morning Post for papa, three letters and a circular: Society and two letters for cousin, and one letter for me. Why, it's

from Arthur! I wonder what he has to say for himself."
"Suppose you open it and see," said Max, looking up as Honor turned the letter over, and laughing at her wondering face.
"I like to prolong my pleasure by anticipation," she answered. "Do you guess it is to say that he is coming here, papa?"
"Yes, Miss Yankee, I guess it is."
She opened the letter and read it through.
"You are quite right, papa," she said.
"He is coming to-morrow. Listen:
Dran HONGE: You will be sorry to hear that

"He is coming to-morrow. Listen:

DRAR HONOR: You will be sorry to hear that I have again failed in my exam. I fear that I shall never sit upon the woolsack. Break the news to uncle for me. He will be vexed naturally, but I really have tried, only there have been so many good things on at the theatres lately, which I could not miss; hence in a measure my failure.

There is another little master. I have exceeded my allowance by three hundred, spent partly upon a new cob. I let the little mare fall the other day. She broke her knees, so, of course, is useless. It is very tiresome, but accidents will happen. For the rest of the money I cannot account. I thought I had kept well within bounds, but somehow I have made a mistake.

Give my love to uncle and Cousin Kate, meet me at the station, and keep things baimy.

Your affectionate cousin. Asthur Stamer.

P. S.—Shall be in by the 4.15 train on Thursday; don't forget to come.

"Bo we are to have our bad penny back—plucked again," the girl said, looking up and laughing. "Papa, what allowance do you make Arthur?"

"More than enough," Max answered, "so be exceeds it. Well well, young men will

make Arthur?"

"More than enough," Max answered, "so he exceeds it. Well, well, young men will be young men. Youth is short, life is fleeting, let the boy enjoy himself."

"Then I may assure him that things are below?"

"Then I may assure him that things are balmy?"

"Certainly. I never scolded in my life. Talk to Arthur, if you like, Honor. Remind him that I shall not always be alive to supply him with luxuries and pleasures with a stroke of my pen; but assure him that, with all his imperfections on his head, I shall welcome him as warmly as ever."

"Para you are too good for this world." him as warmly as ever."

"Papa, you are too good for this world."
For a moment a look of pain and sorrow crossed the handsome face.

"You think too well of me, darling," he

"You think too well of me, darling," he answered, almost sadly.

He rose from the breakfast table as he spoke, crossed the room, and he took" up a thin book from off a distant table.

"You must get the Earl and Countess to write something in your album, Honor," he said, turning the leaves slowly with his long white fingers. "You have not made many additions lately."

"No, papa," she answered, crossing the room and standing by his side; "I am getting a little tired of it, and everyone writes such rubbieh."

"Perhaps the Earl may be an exception to the rule."

the rule.""
"Perhaps; but he does not look as

though he could write good poetry, does he? Perhaps he draws; I'll ask him to make me a sketch. I am going to unpack the flowers

a sketch. I am going to unpack the flowers now."

She left the room, entering another where a number of vases and a white wooden box stood upon a table. The lid had been removed. She lifted some wool and took out the delicate blossoms which it contained. There were flowers in plenty in the garden, but not such ones as these. With tender fingers Honor arranged them, her eyes sparkling with joy at their beauty. They must have cost a great deal. Evidently Max Selwyn was a very rich man.

He sat still in the breakfast-room, turning over the leaves of Honor's album, a slight frown upon his face; presently he paused and read with interest some extremely bad poetry addressed to Honor, and seemed to consider; then he rose from his seat, and, taking the book with him, went to his study; at the door he met Kate.

at the door he met Kate.
"What did I get for the last novel?" he asked, pausing.
"Three thousand pounds," she answered.
"Was that all? It is very little! What am

"Was that all? It is very little: What am
I to have for this?"

"Four."

"To be paid when?"

"On receipt of complete copy: the check
will be forwarded to morrow probably. Are
you in want of money, Max?"

"No, no, Kate; what a question, dear. I
am a rich man, rich enquel apart from what

"No, no, Kate; what a question, dear. I am a rich man—rich enough apart from what the books bring. It is the fame which they bring me that I prize—not the money. Were you coming to my study?"

"Yes, Max. Will you run through those chapters now?"

"Certainly, dear."

He drew her into the room, placed a chair for her, then read the manuscripts through quickly, standing at her side.

"What a good girl you are," he said, as he finished, and he stooped and kissed the broad, high brow. "Do you ever wish, Kate that you got the fame for these things over which you take so much trouble?"

"No," she answered; "but it pleases me for you to have it. Are you satisfied, Max?"

"Quite, dear."

"Then I'll send it off at once."

"Quite, dear."
"Then I'll send it off at once."
"Do. Don't think me rude if I ask you to leave me now. I have something rather particular to do."
She looked at him wistfully with her weird,

She looked at him wistfully with her weird, pathetic eyes, but turned quietly to leave him as he desired.

He opened the door for her, smiled at her as she passed out, then turned the key in the lock and sat down at the table; nort he looked his letters through again, and the troubled look came back to his face.

"I had better wait a day or two," he said, under his breath; "I must wait."

He paused, tore the letters into shreds and

He half turned his head away.

"Sometimes, my beauty."

"But you ought not to; you will make yourself ill, and then you won't be able to work at all. Papa, you must be very rich; we spend a great, great deal of money."

"Do we, pet? Well, so long as we have is to spend, it does not matter, does it? Suppose you get your habit on, little one, it is just the morning for a canter."

So the horses were brought round, and in a few moments Honor was ready; her father lifted her into the saddle and arranged her habit, though the grooms were waiting. It was easy to see that though Max Selwyn's heart was kind to all the world, his great love, perhaps his only love, was given to his daughter. He gathered the reins up and placed them in her hands, then springing into his saddle, dismissed the grooms.

"We would rather be alone, would we not."

the reins up and placed them in her hands, then springing into his saddle, dismissed the grooms.

"We would rather be alone, would we not, pet?" he said, and she just nodded her head as the horses broke into a canter.

They spoke little: it is only lovers who manage when riding to exchange "soft nothings." Now and then they drew one another's attention to some special beauty of nature, but the clatter of their horses' hoofs as they struck upon the road, the wind whispering through the trees and the rustling of the leaves was enough to listen to. Sometimes they paused upon an eminence to look down upon the densely wooded country, and the tiny streams trickling like threads of liquid silver through the green grass; but better they loved to urge their horses faster and faster, till the passing air almost took their breath away.

Max Selwyn had not always been a rich man. Before his wife died, eighteen years ago, he had been a clerk in a city merchant's office, earning a slender salary of £100 a year; but he had always loved luxury—poverty was hateful to him. And when he saw his delicate wife dying slowly, because she could not have the care and nourishment she required, he swore that at whatever cost he would be rich.

Honor was born just one week before he mother died; then Kate Nolan came to live with her cousin. Soon after Max Selwyn's first novel was published and took the world by storm.

AHERN.-MICHAEL A. G. AHERN, Oct. 21, aft

AMUSEMENTS. **CHARLES DICKENS** 

lingering illness.
Funeral from his late residence, 445 Canal st., Sun-

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Omaha Man-So you are a Mormon wife, ch?

Mormon Wife—Oh, no; you see no one is watch

ing me now.

"Are you not under look and key at home?"

"No, indeed. I go where I please and when I please."

"Then, why on earth don't you run away?"

"I did think of it once, but my husband brought me some Genille newspapers and after I read them I changed my mind."

"En? What did you find in the newspapers?"

"Not much of anything except reports of divorces, cruelty, neglect and wife-beatings."

Kept a prisoner, I suppose?

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Heinrich Boetel, "Il Trovatore," Saturday—Junkermann, "Aus der Franzosenseit."

went back to the broadlast-to-make album.

He found his daughter there.

"I have finished my work, papa," she said: "now let us take a walk around the garden, unless you are going to write."

"No, my dear, the novel is finished; I shall not begin another just yet."

"Finished is it, papa? When do you find time to write? Do you sit up at night?"

He half turned his head away.

"Sometimes, my beauty."